

Sisters' S. C. E.

FROM THE PRESIDENT.

Dear sisters of the Christian Endeavor: Greetings to you all, this bright, pleasant July morning, I will jot down for you the record of my work of the last eight days. My last report left me at the Mount Pleasant church. There I preached on Tuesday night to an overflowing house, and after preaching services, succeeded in getting their Aid Society to accept the S. S. C. E. constitution. On Wednesday morning I started for Marion, going by way of Logansport. It was the 3rd of July, and depot and trains were crowded with people who were taking advantage of excursion rates for the celebration of the fourth. I had quite a long waiting at Logansport, but passed a part of the time studying the crowd with all the variety it presented to me,—childhood, youth and age, some bright, gay and joyous, others looking care-worn, and worried, some quiet, patient and content, others nervous, restless, impatient,—all *waiting, waiting*. How much of life is made up of waiting; some waiting for one thing, and some another. Some one has said that if life were dissected, nine-tenths of it would be found to consist in waiting. The husbandman waits to reap the harvest from the seed he has sown. The faithful minister waits to reap the fruit from the seed he has sown in tears and prayers. Some wait for the return of absent loved ones. And some are "Only waiting till the shadows, are a little longer grown. Only waiting, till the glimmer of the day's last gleam is gone." Only waiting for the Father's voice to call them to "come up higher," and this is the most beautiful waiting of all; waiting to be with Jesus and to "enter into the joy of the Lord."

I reached Marion about four o'clock, tired and dusty, but was pleasantly cared for in the home of Sister Raider. I preached for them on Wednesday and Thursday nights, but did not have large audiences,—too much attraction elsewhere on the fourth. On Thursday, I went to see the new church, now nearly completed. It is a very neat, substantial structure, of which they may justly be proud when completed and paid for. Under the circumstances, I did not make an effort to organize an S. S. C. E. tributary to the National organization at present, but we secured a number of names of those who will organize into a society to help the home church. An infant church and building a house for worship, it needs at present to be sustained, rather than to help to sustain.

My next point was Eaton, where I re-

mained over Sunday, with good audiences, in spite of the intense heat. At first some thought it would be useless to try to organize, but without very much effort, we effected an organization with twenty-one members.

From Eaton, I came to Zanesville, and found a zealous class of brethren and sisters. Here they have a Y. P. S. C. E., and a Junior King's Children, and the membership being small and scattered, many of them thought it not best to organize another society. My coming, however, has not been in vain, for I received a very good collection for the S. S. C. E., and also seven pledges with fifteen dollars in cash, for the Theological chair. This is the best I have done any where in pledges, and this church stands fifth in amount of collection for the S. S. C. E.

Below I give a list of pledges and cash received since last week's report.

W. E. Witmyer, Eaton church,	\$1.00
G. A. G. Sonner, Zanesville "	5.00
Eld. Wm. Hamilton, " "	5.00
J. M. Roe, " "	1.00
Ida E. Zion, " "	1.00
Geo. W. Smuts, " "	1.00
Cash (Jacob Smuts)	2.00
" (Mrs. Ada Wood) Eaton,	1.00

Total 17.00

Upon two of the pledges the first payment has not yet been made. These will be reported later.

LAURA E. N. GROSSNICKLE.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Thousand's of years ago when God's chosen people passed, dry shod, through walls of water piled high on either side, there went along with that great multitude a dark eyed Jewish girl. And, when, at Moses' call, the waters rolled back again, and covered their pursuers, then this dark eyed Miriam, taking her timbrel in her hand, and calling on all her Jewish sisters to follow with her, went forth, with music and with dancing, and there on the shores of that stranger land, they sang together woman's first song of triumph to her God.

Beautiful, queenly, gifted Miriam! Peerless as a leader among those Israelitish women, through the ever deepening shadows of the centuries since then, she stands out clearly defined—the woman of genius, the confident of Moses and the strong, true helper of Aaron.

Hundreds of years after Miriam's work was laid aside a fair young girl named Esther left old Mordecai's house that in the king's palace she might better plead for the emancipation of a down trodden people. She did not plead in vain for the

golden sceptre was held out to her and in the Jewish homes was light and gladness.

Centuries after when the Savior grew weary walking over the hills of Galilee He rested in the home of Mary and Martha. There it was that other Mary bathed His feet. And later on when those same feet had been nail-pierced upon Calvary and shrouded in grave clothes the loved form had been lying, then also it was that in the shadow of the early Sabbath morning two Marys stood first at the rolled away door of the sepulchre.

It was in those days that Dorcas made her garments for the poor, Lydia sold her purple and fine linen and but a few years later that Aquilla taught Apollas and Priscilla and Phoebe exhorted in the early Christian church.

Among the Greeks the wisdom of Hypatia was revered little less than was that of Aristotle. Her lecture halls were crowded with the literati of Athens and she died for what she thought was the truth.

The martyrs of Rome's coliseum were not all men; for St. Agnes perished there when only sixteen years of age and there perished also hundreds of other brave noble Christian women who footsore and weary, preached Christ in those perilous times.

Why, the opportunity for "Woman's Rights" if you so wish to call them, reaches back to the very creation of woman herself. History is replete with names of hundreds who have seen the opportunity and have dared to face it. And the very fact that, in most cases they, who have gone forth, have been honored and protected, proves that other women might have walked beside them, had they wanted to.

For many years there has been a great opportunity for woman's work in those leprous isles of Asia, poor parched lips have cried "Come over to Macedonia and help us." But women shuddered and turned away, until brave Sister Rose bade "good bye" to home and friends, and, taking her life in her hands, cast in her lot among them.

Baroness Curdette Coutts and Lady Aberdeen are only doing what you and I might do, if not hemmed in by conventionalists. Lady Somerset's castled home is as dear to her as is your home to you or mine to me; yet she leaves it to save to other women their homes, their sons, their husbands and their brothers.

At the intersection of two of the finest streets in New Orleans there stands the only statue erected to a woman's memory in America. Yet she who is represented there, with her arm thrown around a little